

Introduction

Piping down the valleys wild
Piping songs of pleasant glee
On a cloud I saw a child.
And he laughing said to me

Pipe a song about a Lamb.
Sol piped with merry chear.
Piper pipe that song again.
Sol piped, he wept to hear.

Drop thy pipe thy happy pipe
Sing thy songs of happy chear.
Sol sang the same again.
While he wept with joy to hear.

Piper sit thee down and write
In a book that all may read
So he vanished from my sight
And I plucked a hollow reed.

And I made a rural pen,
And I staid the water clear,
And I wrote my happy songs
Every child may joy to hear.